



Mr. Timetraveler



120 4 11

Chapter 1 by Aesnia

I remember nothing. A small girl with brown hair and bright blue eyes was standing in front of me. She was smiling. Anger. Hate. It all bubbled in my stomach. Why? As I said, I don't remember.

Big office buildings were around us, and the girl was yelling my name. Why? Was I in danger? I tried walking only to have my legs stuck together, as if they were glued. It was then I was trapped. A foggy, glassy mirror. Reaching my hand out, I felt nothing.

And suddenly, as if I was dreaming, everything went white.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



My back slams the back of the velvet with such force that I almost forget that I'm making contact with something that's supposed to be cushioned. I sigh, back within the machine. It's been five years, but I can't manage to make this heap of junk work. Every time it inches forward, every time I think that I'm getting somewhere, I always end up right back where I started - in this grimy, awful garage.

It's a rather stereotypical looking time travel machine - gold seat, giant dial in front controlled

by wheel, spurs that belong more on a cowboy's boot than a futuristic machine. And it's about all I own. I'm about to be evicted from my flat. This thing to work by then, well, I'm out of luck. It's a rather old machine, but hey - I'm a round-about type of guy.

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Chapter 3 by Andrew Hartmann



Times have been hard ever since I bout this piece of junk at a garage sale. I saw it and something told me that I needed it. The contraption cost me my life savings but at the time, I had no idea what I was doing.

When I brought the time machine back home to my wife, she was not happy. She insisted on taking it back and trying to get a refund, but I was too stupid and stubborn. She kicked me out onto the street faster than I could say "time travel". So, I had to find myself a new place to live, all I had was the time machine.

Now, I'm in another pickle. The blasted time machine won't work when I need it the most. When I first bought the thing, It worked fine. But after several years of visiting historical events, it started getting glitches. It started when I was attending the parade where JFK get shot, and I just couldn't move, then everything went white and I was back in the garage.

Maybe I can take it back to the owner and see what the blazing heck is going on with the dang thing.

Chapter 4 by CatatonicCat814



I started to head back to the place where I had bought the time machine as quickly as I could. I had just enough money to buy a moving van and get a few people to push the machine into the van. I can't drive the machine around, for fear it would seem suspicious and someone would take it from me. It takes a lot to keep people quiet, so now I have no money for food, much less any other necessities. I'll just have to hurry to the address where the garage sale took place: 61445 Zeithaus Drive.

When I finally pull up to the driveway, I am shocked to find that there is no longer a house there. Well, technically, there is a house, or at least ruins of one. It is certainly where the garage sale took place, but it looks as if hundreds of years have passed, and the once sturdy, solid home has been reduced to almost nothing, a few rocks showing where the walls once were and a

collapsed in basement

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I wonder how this could have happened. I thought I was just a few years away from the future, even 10 years ago, and it seems as if hundreds of years have passed. I don't know what to do with that. I don't know what to do with that brown-haired blue-eyed girl I saw in what felt like a dream once? I don't know. All I can do now is

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look for someone, something that can help me fix this damn machine, because now, it is all I have in this life.

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